

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

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MR. ELLIOT VISITS MRS. GORDON'S SHOP AT SYDNEY.

## FRANK LAYTON: AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

### CHAPTER XV.

SYDNEY BY DAYLIGHT.—A NEW FRIEND INTRODUCED.

In a little shop in one of the smaller streets of Sydney, a neat, little, brisk, middle-aged woman, No. 113, 1854.

in widow's dress, was weighing out and packing up small parcels of groceries to customers of no particularly distinguishable order, but mostly of the woman kind. She seemed to have a tolerable run of business; for, during a long hour on that

afternoon, her shop floor was never entirely vacant, and a smart boy, who called her mother, was, as well as herself, kept in full and constant activity. At length, however, the customers had dwindled down to one, who, though she repeatedly declared that she was in a great hurry to get home—on the opposite side of the street—and was in fearful apprehension lest her poor little Barbarett should come to some unheard-of calamity through being shut up alone in an empty room during her absence, still lingered over the counter for a few last words of neighbourly gossip. How long this might have lasted we dare not affirm or surmise, if it had not been cut short and broken up by the entrance of a tall, elderly gentleman, whom, having met before, we need not further describe; and who, from the brightened countenance and respectful exclamation of the little widow, was evidently not entirely a stranger to her.

"Why! Doctor Elliot!"

"Yes, Mrs. Gordon; I want a word or two with you presently; but I am in no particular hurry," he said, seating himself on a tea-chest. By this time the customer had turned round and faced the old gentleman, curtsying most profoundly, and accompanying her lowly reverence with the offer of better accommodation than the tea-chest presented.

"There's mosttimes nails in them boxes, doctor," she said, with tender concern in her voice and looks, and at the same time putting forward and dusting with her apron a chair from the counter side, accompanying her benevolent action with the words, "Here's a cheer, doctor."

"Thank you, my good woman, thank you," said Mr. Elliot, accepting the seat. "Ah! Mrs. Williams, I see. How is your little girl now, Mrs. Williams?"

Mrs. Williams curtsied once more, and was happy and thankful to say that her little Barbarett was quite well again, "on account of the powders, doctor, that you gave her."

"That's right. I thought we should set her up again. But you must take care she does not eat too many peaches another time, or I won't answer for consequences. Pray don't hurry," he added, as the little shopkeeper was hastily screwing up the last packet to put into her neighbour's basket; "I can wait your leisure, Mrs. Gordon."

"Ah, poor Mrs. Gordon! she has enough to do now, doctor," said Mrs. Williams; "I wonder how she can stand it from morning to night, as she does, with only her little slip of a boy to help her. It didn't use to be so with her, doctor." This was said *sotto voce*.

"Very true, my good friend; but I dare say Mrs. Gordon is thankful she has enough to do."

"So I was saying, doctor, when you came in. Mrs. Gordon, I says, the burden is fitted to the back, and the back to the burden. But, for all that, doctor, isn't it a good thing that there's two sacks in the world?"

"Two sacks, Mrs. Williams! excuse me."

"Yes, doctor, such helpless creaturs as we of the weaker sacks is! When men is men—that's what I says—when men is men, what should we do if it wasn't for them?"

"Oh I see. Yes, Mrs. Williams, very true," said Mr. Elliot, shifting in his "cheer." And the

woman, having disburdened herself of a great moral and philosophical axiom, paid her bill, and dropping another elaborate curtsy, left the coast clear for the doctor, who was invited by the widow into a small room adjoining the store, whither she followed, after charging her boy to attend properly to the customers, if any came, and to call her if she were wanted.

"Mrs. Gordon," said the doctor, abruptly, when the door was closed; "my good friend, I want your help."

"Mine, sir! my help! Oh, if there were anything in which I could be of use to you!" replied the little woman, with a tear in her bright eye.

"Well, sit down then, and I will tell you all about it. I am afraid, though, that I may be asking too much of you; but if I should, you have only to say 'No' at once, and I promise I won't be offended."

"It would be a strange thing that *you* could ask me to do, and I not willing, doctor, after all your kindness to my poor husband and—"

"Well, it *is* a strange thing, perhaps; but I'll tell you my story first, and then you can give me an answer. I had an adventure last night;" and Mr. Elliot forthwith told of his rencontre with the young woman, and his visit to the patient.

"The young man is very ill, Mrs. Gordon," the doctor went on: "he is suffering from severe inflammation, and the symptoms are not very encouraging, though he may recover. I did what I could for him at the time, and have seen him again this morning; but, at present, it would be manifestly improper to move him."

"It is an ugly place, doctor," said the little widow; "but if you wish it, I'll go and nurse him at once. James is a good boy, and he can mind the store for a few days."

"No, no, Mrs. Gordon; such a plan never entered my head, and there is not any need for it. The young man is very well cared for; there is an old woman in the house who promises to look after him, and seems noticable enough. No, no; that is not it. I had some conversation with the young woman this morning, Mrs. Gordon, and have called on one or two persons who occasionally employ her, and who seem to know something of her, but not much; and though she lives in such a place, I really believe she is both honest and modest."

"And why not, doctor?" said the widow, with some warmth of feeling. "Sydney is a bad enough place for poor young girls, everybody knows; and there are temptations enough, and sufferings enough too, to turn them aside; but I won't believe either that every poor creature that hasn't perhaps scarce a roof to cover her, or a decent thing to put on, or a friend in all the colony, must be lost to all that's right and good."

"I knew you would feel thus," continued the old gentleman, "or I should not have come to you. Well, this poor creature does not seem to like to talk of her history, though I am sure it is a sad one. She has evidently been well brought up, and very likely came out to the colony under the common delusion that, once landed in Sydney, her fortune would be made."

"There's little doubt of that, sir," said the widow, with some bitterness of expression joined

with a tone of pity. "I see and hear enough of these things, doctor. Scores and hundreds of poor young girls, fit for no one thing in this place, come into it, year after year, just to be ruined; yes, doctor, one way or other, to be ruined. Oh, they are fine stories that are told in England, by all accounts, of the wonderful things that young women are sure to fall in with as soon as ever they set foot ashore in this part of the world! And so the poor things are cheated, and their friends are cheated too. They find out their mistake when it is too late; but indeed, doctor, it is enough to make one's heart bleed to see and know such things as we are obliged to see and know. And how it is the people in England won't take warning, I can't think; nor yet how fathers and mothers can send out their daughters, with nobody to watch over and care for them! Oh, but there are queer people in the world!"

"Tis miserable work, my good friend," Mr. Elliot rejoined; "and where the remedy is to be found it is hard to say. However, I am glad that something is being attempted, at last, to put a stop to these crying abuses. But about this poor girl: she is very unhappy, Mrs. Gordon. Want and weariness have brought her nearly to death's door, and as she has deprived herself of her own apartment to shelter the other invalid, I feel anxious to find some one who would look after her, and be a friend to her. I know nobody so likely to be so as yourself, Mrs. Gordon, especially as you have a room to spare.—But I am afraid you object," Mr. Elliot added, after a pause, as he sat watching rather anxiously the countenance of the little widow, over which, indeed, did flit a shade of hesitation or distrust. It soon passed away, however, whatever its source.

"If it had not been for your kindness, sir," she said, "I and my poor boy would not now perhaps have a roof to shelter us; and you have a right—"

"Nay, but dear Mrs. Gordon, say nothing about right."

"Well, then, doctor, I will gladly do what you wish. I was only sorry that you should think I wanted so much persuasion, and that it was not something harder that you wanted of me: that was all. The room shall be ready in an hour."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE TURNS UP.

THE young man whom we left at the close of a previous chapter in the hands of the benevolent doctor, remained many days in a state of insensibility. Neglect and hardship and dissolute habits had done their work on a constitution not originally robust; and an injury he had received had brought on a crisis which might have terminated fatally but for the care and skill of Mr. Elliot, which were at length successful in abating the more threatening symptoms of the attack; and he awoke to consciousness.

"Hillo, old lady, what is the meaning of all this? Where am I? Who are you? What's the matter?" These and similar ejaculations, in a weakened voice, addressed to the old nurse, who was noiselessly performing some act of cookery over the small fire, were the first indications of the fact.

The woman started at the altered sound of his voice, and then, putting down her pipkin, hobbled to the bed-side.

"Hush, my dear, you mustn't. Doctor says you are to be kept very quiet. Eh, but this is a comfortable change; but be easy now, there's a dear."

The exhortation to be quiet and easy was not altogether needless, for the young man, by an extraordinary exertion, had raised himself in the bed, and was evidently meditating a spring on to the floor. But either his strength failed him, or the nurse's voice reassured him, and he fell back exhausted, and looked the woman inquisitively in the face.

"Full fifty years, I should say," he muttered musingly, and with a curious expression of countenance. "It must be above fifty years since I came here, isn't it, ma'am?" he asked.

"Poor young fellow, he is wandering again, that's plain," said the old nurse. "Fifty years, my dear!" she continued, turning to her patient; "if you had said fifty hours now, it would have been more like."

"Nonsense!" replied the young man, impatiently; "I have had dreams enough to take up a whole lifetime; but, never mind—where am I?"

"Why, where should you be, but in a nice snug bed, my dear, with everything comfortable about you?"

"Oh, no doubt; but what part of London is this? and when does the coach start? I must be ready, you know;" and once more, the refractory patient raised himself, but was restrained by the hand of the nurse, which, weak as it was, had more strength than his own.

"Off the head again, sure enough," the old woman muttered; and then added, in a soothing tone, such as a nurse might use to a fractious child, "Is it London, dear, you want to be at? Well, well, wait till you get well, and we shall see." But by this time recollection had returned; and, with a heavy groan, the young man fell back on the pillow. "I remember now," he said, faintly. "Where is the young woman that brought me here?"

The young woman was safe enough, the nurse said: the doctor had taken care of her; and if she might advise, she added, she would recommend the patient to rest his tongue, and take something nice and comfortable which the doctor had prescribed, and then try and go to sleep. Which advice, as it seemed very reasonable, and the young man was quite fatigued with his exertions, he accordingly followed.

Several days passed away—days of slow and gradual convalescence. Day after day, and twice a day, the patient was visited by the doctor, and enjoined quiet and rest, while nourishing food was supplied without further limit than prudence required. For a little while, the young man received these attentions with the listlessness of bodily languor; but as he grew stronger, his curiosity, to say nothing of other feelings, strengthened also.

One day Mr. Elliot, entering the room, found the patient out of bed, partly dressed, seated by the table, and reading, or, if not reading, with his eyes fixed on a book which lay before him, and which Mr. Elliot himself had caused to be placed

near his bed. The old woman was not in the room.

"I am glad to see you are able to sit up," said the doctor, "and to find you so well employed. Do not shut the book," he added, as the young man hastily closed it, and pushed it from him: "I trust you have not sought in vain there for a better physician than I can ever pretend to be."

"Oh, sir," replied the patient, with levity, real or assumed, "you know what the old song says—

'When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be.'

Percy don't think better of me than I am."

"I should think, at least," said the doctor, gravely, "that, whatever you may be, you might find in those pages what would be precisely adapted to your state and circumstances; and let me hope, Mr. Effingham, that you are not so insensible to these supremely important matters as I see you would have me conclude."

"Sir," exclaimed the young man, greatly surprised, "my name, no doubt, is Effingham; but how you should know this here, where I have not a single acquaintance, I cannot comprehend."

"I know it by the most natural means in the world," said the doctor. "You gave me the information yourself, while you were, as the old nurse says, 'off your head.' Allow me, in the first place, very sincerely to congratulate you on your recovery."

Percy Effingham—for it was indeed he—expressed, with some embarrassment, his obligations to the doctor for the attention and skill which had been shown. "But," added he, "I think you must be unaware, sir, how utterly unable I am to offer remuneration for your services."

"Am I to understand, then," Mr. Elliot asked, "that you have no means of—in plain terms, no money?"

The young man drew from his pocket a small handful of copper, intermixed with which were two or three shillings. "There, sir," he said, "you see all I am worth."

"It is as I supposed, then," said Mr. Elliot; "and I fear you have been improvident, Mr. Effingham; but we will not speak of that now. You are now, I think, able to bear a removal, and I have provided a more suitable room for you in a more healthy part of Sydney. If you do not particularly object, a cab shall be at the door three hours hence. You have not much luggage, I believe?"

"I shouldn't break down a horse with that, sir," replied Percy, with an unsuccessful attempt to laugh off his confession of utter destitution. "But sir," he added, "I do not understand; this is all a mystery to me."

"What is a mystery?"

"Why, doctor, it is a mystery altogether. How many days or weeks ago I landed in Sydney, I can't say. It seems to me it must be a long time; but the respectable old lady that makes my broth, and so forth, had the assurance to contradict me flat."

"Say a fortnight, Mr. Effingham, and you will be near the truth."

"Well, sir, a fortnight let it be. Then I had not been six hours in the place before I was

knocked down in a row; and then the next thing I remember is being on that bed."

"Yes, I know all that; and there is no mystery in it, young man, I fear. Or if there is a mystery, it is how your father's son, Mr. Effingham, should have sunk so low as to seek the companionship which ended as you have stated. It was not in your father's house, sir, at least it was not under your mother's eye, that you became familiar with what this book"—and Mr. Elliot laid his hand on the closed bible—"rightly terms 'the paths of the destroyer.'"

"You may say that, sir," said the young man quickly. "My father's house, sir, was the very pink of what-ye-may-call-it; and as to my mother—" His assumed carelessness failed young Effingham here; his voice faltered, and he turned away. "I can't keep it up, doctor," he presently added in a subdued tone, "when I think of her. It is not her teaching that has made me a—" and he hesitated for a word—"say a scamp and an outcast."

"I know it," said the doctor, with some agitation of voice.

"And here's another mystery," continued Percy; "you speak as if you knew my father and mother. Now I cannot see how that is likely, nor indeed how you should have guessed so much about me."

"I told you just now," said the old gentleman, "that you have been more communicative than you probably are aware, during your illness; and, without seeking to know your history, I am thus in some measure acquainted with it. Among other things, you said enough about your parentage to convince me that the son of an old friend was my patient. That old friend, sir, is your mother; of your father I know nothing but by report. However, we will not speak of these matters now. Have you any other mysteries of which to complain, Mr. Effingham?"

"Oh, sir, I have no cause to complain, I am sure; you are only too kind. And what you have now said partly explains—"

"Stop, young man, let me explain. Your painful position and your danger were known to me before I could possibly be aware of anything else respecting you; and I wish you to know that it was an act of common humanity not to leave you to perish unaided. That I now do know you may perhaps explain why I take any further interest in a young man who, I am led to fear, has small regard for himself. Are there any more mysteries to be cleared up, Mr. Effingham, before I say good morning?" the doctor asked, in an affectionate tone, which disarmed the former reproof of its severity.

"No, sir; none of any consequence, perhaps," replied Percy, hesitatingly; "only there was, I believe, a young woman who brought me here, and whom I fear I have put to inconvenience."

"Rest satisfied that the young person is taken care of," replied Mr. Elliot.

"I am satisfied, if you say so," said Percy; and after giving a few directions to the nurse, who by this time had re-appeared, Mr. Elliot retired, promising shortly to return, and superintend the patient's removal to his own house on Woolloomooloo heights.

A few days wrought a considerable change in



the position and prospects of the young wanderer. For the first time since his arrival in Australia, he experienced the comforts and luxuries of refined, we had almost written civilized, life. He rested his head on a soft pillow, and enjoyed the refreshment of clean sheets; his dressing-table was replete with modern conveniences; a plentiful supply of linen was placed at his disposal, and his bush costume was discarded and exchanged for more suitable and gentlemanly garments furnished at the cost of his benefactor, by whom, indeed, he was treated more as an honoured guest than as the object of benevolence. When Mr. Elliot was absent from home—which was several hours daily—a good library was at the command of young Effingham, and when they were together, the doctor's conversation—free and unrestrained, but pure, sensible, and almost parental—brought back to the heart of the young man—not yet utterly and hopelessly debased—images and remembrances of a once happy home.

As for Mr. Elliot, nothing could be more unreserved than his communications. He spoke as one who had nothing to conceal; gave the history of his early errors, and the evils they had wrought in his experience, and revealed the source of the interest which had been awakened within him for the young outcast. It was one evening, while slowly walking together in the garden attached to Mr. Elliot's villa, that, having received from Percy's lips an account of his short life, in which, to do the young man justice, he did not cover or palliate the follies which had banished him from home and blighted his prospects, nor attempt to conceal the later abandonment to vice which had plunged him back into poverty, Mr. Elliot broke a short succeeding silence.

"Our experience," he said, "is so far alike that we have both found sin to be an evil and a bitter thing; and I will yet hope that your after experience may also correspond with mine, that there is One who can save to the uttermost, and bind up the broken-hearted. There is another point in which our experience tallies," Mr. Elliot continued; "you and I both left behind us—what shall I say?—objects of attachment; that is the modern phrase, I believe. Well, mine is a short story. I need only say that the young lady to whom I was engaged, justly convinced of my unworthiness, cast me out of her affections, and, some years afterwards, became the happy wife of a worthy man. I could wish she had been spared other trials; but, Mr. Effingham, that lady is your mother." And here, for that time, the conversation ended.

Let us do Percy Effingham the justice to acknowledge that he was touched by the generous kindness of his benefactor, and formed many good resolutions to amend his life. This was especially the case while the effects of his illness remained, and a sudden relapse was not thought improbable. At the same time, he could not help congratulating himself on the circumstances which had so curiously brought him into contact with his mother's old suitor. It was an opportune coincidence, at any rate, thought he; and such things do not happen every day.

We have before seen that, gentleman as he might have called himself by birth and education,

Master Percy had no very delicate scruples on the score of obligation. He had not hesitated to beg or borrow, with small chance of repayment, from a stranger in the bush; and now that kindness was thrust upon him by one who could, as it appeared, well afford to be liberal, he was not likely to sink under its weight. Nevertheless, as health and strength returned, he felt some degree of restlessness, and, at length, ventured to ask the advice of his benefactor respecting his future course. Rather to his mortification, the young man found that the active old gentleman had forestalled his movements.

"I have found a situation for you," he said, "which I think is worth your acceptance."

Effingham stammered out an acknowledgment of this fresh instance of the doctor's friendly disposition; but his inward thought probably was—"Oh-ho! he is coming the patron over me, is he? and disposing of me as if I were bound to take his *ipse dixit* as quietly as I took his physic! He need not have been quite so forward as that, either." We may wrong Percy Effingham in supposing such thoughts to have passed through his mind; but we have known similar instances where a false independence, taking the place of true and manly self-reliance, has given utterance to some such words.

Mr. Elliot, however, did not, or would not, see the confusion of mind we have supposed. "You came to Sydney for a clerkship," he went on; "and I have been able to accomplish your wish. A seat at a merchant's desk is ready for you; the salary is small, but the work is not very heavy. You will not want a home, as I have arranged for your being received into the merchant's house. He has no family. I trust this will be agreeable to you."

There was nothing for it but to submit; and before many days had passed away, Percy Effingham had entered on his employment; and, with a replenished purse, and assurances that a watchful but friendly eye would be upon him, he bade adieu to the doctor's hospitable roof.

### UNDER THE SNOW.

THE sudden recurrence of a deep fall of snow, to which we Englishmen have been so long strangers, has, without doubt, brought back to the minds of many of our readers of mature years the old associations connected with winter in their early days. We have been so long unaccustomed to what used to be considered the ordinary phenomena of the winter months, that their unexpected return, though in no very severe form, and for a brief season only, has created a degree of alarm which, however justified by the commercial inconvenience and delay occasioned by the event, seems almost absurdly querulous to those who remember the severities of the old-fashioned winters, and who speculate upon the effects which their return—as return they undoubtedly will at some not far future period—may produce upon such sections of society, and its means of intercommunication, as must be subjected to their influence.

On reading in the daily papers the dolorous

accounts of misfortunes and mishaps—of ruinous delays and fatal accidents—resulting from a single fall of snow, averaging throughout the country not more, probably, than seven inches in depth, we naturally pondered the question, what might be the effect of a fall lasting many weeks, with few intermissions, and without a single abatement by thaw, and amounting in the whole to twenty times that depth at least? Such a fall of snow occurred in the winter of 1813-14. Being then a child, retained at boarding-school during the Christmas holidays, we had little other employment than to watch the ever accumulating thickness of the white mantle in which the earth was shrouded; and we saw it gradually rise, upon a surface not exposed to drift, to the height of twelve solid feet, which was the average depth of the fall over a vast extent of country. Where drifts occurred entire valleys were filled up; but as there was not much violent wind during the whole period, such instances were comparatively rare. Numbers of persons, however, lost their lives in the immediate vicinity of their own houses; and we recollect particularly one instance of a small farmer in the neighbourhood, who sunk suddenly and unobserved through the snow into the bed of a rapid stream which ran near his homestead, the course of which he could no longer trace, and whose body was only recovered when the general thaw exposed it in the spring.

Such a fall, when it shall occur again, will be deep enough to submerge not only the railways, but even the wires of the electric telegraph, poles and all—and would, if allowed to accumulate, probably put an end for the time to communication by that means. In 1814, the turnpike roads, buried to the depth above stated, were channelled out, at an enormous expense, by labouring men working along the whole line travelled by the mails. But for the employment thus afforded, multitudes must have had recourse to the parish, or have perished from starvation. We often watched the approach of the mail to the small town in which we were imprisoned, and the only visible indications of its arrival were the occasional glimpse of the hat or umbrella of an outside passenger, or the waving of the coachman's whip. The machine, though drawn by eight horses, the leaders ridden by postilions, was frequently more than twenty hours in doing a distance of seventy-five miles; and such was the labour to the poor cattle, that even at so slow a rate of travelling they frequently dropped dead upon the road. The very poor underwent sad sufferings, and many tramps and vagabonds were found frozen to death in their wanderings. But in that old-fashioned winter there was an older-fashioned charity in a state of individual activity seldom witnessed now—a days in the same form; and well do we remember the monster iron pot perpetually simmering on the fire in the kitchen, whither we used to steal for warmth—a pot in which peas and vegetables of all sorts, cuttings of beef and scraps from the larder, hung stewing and emitting a savoury odour all day, for a sort of general supper to a troop of poor women, children, and aged men, who discussed it thankfully and joyfully round the fire in the evening, and who must have gone without a heartening meal at all if they had

not received it at the hands of private benevolence.

The wild animals were decimated over and over again during that memorable winter. Hares and rabbits perished by troops, game of all kinds was thinned, and everywhere on the surface of the fields the small birds lay lifeless. One little robin, who had received his breakfast at our hands for a month, came to thank us one morning as usual, and fell dead before our eyes on the window-sill.

There were icicles—beautiful and mysterious things they were to us children—hanging from the eaves of the barn or the cottagers' straw roof, like the grim fangs of the relentless demon of cold. Who shows us icicles now—three, four, six feet long, and glittering like the spears of Odin's heroes—or stretching from roof to ground, like stalactites in a cavern? Then, too, were blazing logs which would burn a whole day on the hearth; and the splitting of firewood from the gnarled roots of old trees was a winter trade; and woodcutters with their bills, axes, hatchets, iron wedges, and ponderous hammers, took up their quarters in the farm-yard and the timber-yard, and cracked, and split, and banged away from morn to night, that we might sit warm and cosy in the chimney-corner.

We were sent for, to go home, in the middle of this iron-hearted winter, and were packed up, together with our portmanteau, and put, one into the boot, the other into the body of the mail coach, and off to London. Exactly a twenty-hours' journey we found it to Hyde Park Corner, the best part of the way between two high walls of snow rough with the sharp cuttings of the shovel, and reaching far above the coach roof. The stages were less than half the summer distances, and the stopping-places had been multiplied by more than two. Some of them were dreary places enough—nothing more than temporary sheds erected to serve as stables for the horses, with lofts for the men in attendance, whose daily rations were tossed to them in bags by the coach-guard. The open country wore but a melancholy face; the tall trees, up to their necks in the snow, looked like snow-balls or monstrous cauliflowers—hedges were scarcely visible at all—and long barns lay like giant corpses beneath a white pall, waiting for burial. In some places the coach diverged from the regular road through an easier route to the leeward of a pile of buildings or a clump of copse-wood. When we stopped to dine at five in the evening, two outside passengers had to be lifted off like bales of goods, and thawed before the fire ere they could sit at table.

We found London (then not half so big or half so populous as it is now) waging a systematic war with the snow-storm, with the aid of a race of pioneers who had sprung up for the occasion. Millions of tons of snow had been carted away and shot on to the frozen surface of the river and elsewhere, and as much more remained in the streets piled near the kerb-stones in continuous walls. At the corners and in the open spaces, huge pyramids of snow rose as high almost as the third floors, and round them congregated the water-carriers, who, now that all the pipes were frozen up, drove a thriving trade by retailing the indispensable

fluid at three-halfpence a pail. We were led down to the Thames by an elder brother, and walked from Westminster to Old London Bridge. An ox had been roasted on the river a few days before; and we saw a printing-press at work on the ice, throwing off impressions of "an account of the great frost," which were sold to the spectators well nigh as fast as they were printed. The broad surface of the river was like a fair, thronged with all the vagabonds of the metropolis, and far too well supplied with the means of intoxication under the head of "refreshments." There was no police, and there was twenty times the need of them that there would be if a similar event should produce such a concourse at the present time. Sailors from the vessels frozen up in the river mingled with the city populace, and these, with the frozen-out labourers and market-gardeners, made so heady and unmanageable a rabble that few sober people cared to venture among them. In the west-end of the town large gangs, some headed by a man carrying a cabbage-stump mounted on a long pole—others enlisted under a labourer's hod or a trowel similarly exalted as a banner—paraded the streets, chanting in a vociferous yet whining strain a request for charity, and knocking boldly at the doors of the inhabitants, who seldom judged it wise to withhold their contributions. Food was at a high price, partly owing to the war, partly to a deficient harvest, but mainly to the heavy duty upon foreign corn; and a vast amount of misery had consequently to be endured.

There has been no subsequent winter to match that of 1814, but we have had falls of snow three feet deep more than once since then; though during the last twenty years the southern districts of the country, at least, have been so free from formidable invasions of snow, that the storm which signalized the commencement of the present year came upon the majority of the population as a novelty—a novelty more strange, it may be, than agreeable. But, as the seasons have been noticed to differ in intensity in something like regular cycles, it may be that the old-fashioned winters are returning again, and that they may bring in their train the dry, hot summers which used to follow them. It may therefore be wise to expect the recurrence of what was formerly not uncommon, and to lay our account with having to deal with it.

## WRECKERS, WRECKS, AND LIFE-BOATS.

[SECOND PAPER.]

In order to constitute a legal wreck, goods must have come to land. In other circumstances, the law distinguished them by uncouth and barbarous appellations, handed down from the jurisprudence of the middle ages. Thus *flotsam* is the legal definition of goods which continue floating upon the surface of the waves; *jetsam* denotes goods sunk under the surface of the water; and *lagan* is the term for goods sunk, but tied to a cork or buoy to be found again.

In the case of a ship in danger of being stranded or run ashore, the sheriffs, justices, mayors, constables, or officers of the customs, nearest to the spot, are required, upon application made to them,

under a penalty of 100*l.*, to summon as many men as may be necessary for the preservation of the ship and cargo; and vessels riding at anchor near the place of danger, whether men-of-war or merchantmen, are also required, on application of the officers on shore, under the same penalty, to co-operate with boats and hands for the purpose. All such persons are entitled to receive a reasonable reward for their services, within thirty days after the service is performed, the amount to be determined by three justices, in case of disagreement, and paid by the owners. Any person also, though not formally authorised, who shall be instrumental in rescuing a vessel, goods, or effects, and conveying the same into port, or to an adjoining custom-house, for the benefit of the proprietors, is similarly entitled to recompense. Horses, carts, and all necessary vehicles, may proceed to the point of the sea-coast where a wreck lies, over the adjoining lands, without being guilty of trespass, if there is no road leading as conveniently thereto. The authorities may demand the use of whatever horses are necessary from their owners. Crews are not entitled to compensation, or any unusual remuneration, for extraordinary efforts made to save a ship, it being part of their duty, and manifestly their interest, to do their utmost to avert disaster. Neither can passengers claim anything for ordinary assistance on such occasions; but they are not bound to remain on board a ship in the hour of danger, if they can leave her. Parties dissatisfied with the salvage, or the compensation awarded by the local authorities, may appeal to the court of Admiralty, which has jurisdiction over all services rendered to vessels in distress, if performed at sea, or between high and low-water mark. In the case of valuable cargoes, several proprietors, and numerous salvors, it is usual for this court to adjudicate, fixing the sum to be paid, adjusting the proportions, and taking care of the property while the suit is pending. In pronouncing judgment, regard is had to the labour and peril incurred by the salvors, the promptitude and alacrity manifested by them, the value of the property, and the degree of danger from which it has been rescued. Sometimes not more than one-tenth has been awarded: in other cases, as much as one-half.

A single storm will often strew our coasts with wrecks. In three separate gales which occurred in the years 1821, 1824, and 1829, there were lost on the east coast of England, between the Humber and the Tees, 169 vessels. In the single gale of August 31, 1833, and the following day, 61 British vessels were lost on the sands in the North Sea, and on our eastern coast. In the disastrous gale of January 13, 1843, not less than 103 vessels were wrecked on the shores of the united kingdom. In the gales of 1846, as many as 39 vessels were stranded in Hartlepool bay alone. In the month of March, 1850, the wrecks on our coasts amounted to 134, giving an average of more than four per day. In the single gale of September 25 and 26, 1851, 112 vessels were stranded, came into collision, or sunk within our seas; and during the month of January, 1852, there were 120 more added to the number. These fearful returns are probably below the real numbers, for no complete record of shipwrecks is kept, Lloyd's list being confessedly imperfect.



The casualties for the year 1850 were in detail as follows:—

Total wrecks . . . . .	277
Sunk through leaks or collisions . . . . .	84
Abandoned . . . . .	16
Stranded and damaged, so as to require to discharge cargo . . . . .	304
Total . . . . .	681

They were thus distributed through the months:—

January . . . . .	72	August . . . . .	30
February . . . . .	117	September . . . . .	24
March . . . . .	134	October . . . . .	73
April . . . . .	36	November . . . . .	84
May . . . . .	31	December . . . . .	43
June . . . . .	20	Total . . . . .	681
July . . . . .	17		

The return for the year following, 1851, is not less melancholy in its details:—

Total wrecks, or sunk, or abandoned . . . . .	353
Stranded and damaged, so as to require to discharge cargo . . . . .	348
Total . . . . .	701
Lives lost, as near as could be ascertained . . . . .	750

But the year 1852 far exceeded the two former periods in the number and fatality of shipwrecks, amounting to 1100 vessels, and 900 lives. The greatest havoc took place about the latter end of October, and the beginning of November. In this interval no less than 600 ships sought refuge in the Humber. Many more, however, could reach no shelter; and thus in the course of a few days the unprecedented number of 300 vessels were wrecked or damaged, with the fearful loss of 217 lives. The greater part of this terrible work of destruction took place on the east coast of England, off Flamborough Head. As most of these vessels were colliers, their loss to that service rendered freights high, and has been one cause of the enormously enhanced price of coals in the metropolis and elsewhere. Though a very minor consideration compared with the loss of life, the destruction of property is an item of importance. Twenty years ago nearly, a parliamentary report estimated the loss of property in British shipping, wrecked or foundered at sea, on an average of six years, at 3,000,000*l.* per annum. It may be fairly assumed that half that amount is annually lost on our own shores. Though covered by insurance to certain parties, the whole of the property is not the less absolutely lost to the nation, and its cost paid for by the public, upon whom it ultimately falls. We must add to this, the support of many of the widows and orphans left destitute, to embrace the entire pecuniary burthen which shipwreck annually devolves upon us.

It appears in evidence that this immense sacrifice of life and property is not on account of the want of exertion to save it, for the promptitude with which fishermen and seamen now hazard their own lives to rescue others is beyond all praise. The fact is, that the coasts are disgracefully deficient in regard to life-boats, mortars, and rockets, both as to their number and efficiency. The bay of Liverpool, and the greater part of the east coast of England, are the chief exceptions to this remark. The utility of proper provision in cases of shipwreck, in diminishing fatal events, is well illus-

trated in the former locality, by a return from the marine surveyor, which extends over a period of eleven years, from 1840 to 1850 inclusive. There are nine life-boats connected with the port. These boats are kept on carriages in boat-houses near the shore, and horses are in readiness to enable them to proceed at once to the most advantageous spot for launching. A gun is placed at the station to summon the crew, as also distress-flags at each lighthouse, lightship, and telegraph station, for the same purpose. The arrangements are such that in many instances the life-boat has been manned, launched, and on her way to the wreck in little more than a quarter of an hour from the time of the distress-signal being seen. The masters and crews are composed of picked men, intimately acquainted with the banks, swashways, tides, and currents in the bay. They are kept in constant pay, are regularly mustered and exercised once a month, and no expense has been spared to render their equipment as perfect as possible. As many as fifty individuals have been brought off from a wreck at a single trip, making, with the crew, upwards of sixty persons in the boat at one time. The return for the period mentioned exhibits a total of 269 vessels assisted, and 1128 lives saved. In 1851 five of the coxswains received a silver medal each from the National Shipwreck Institution, having gone off respectively 59, 60, 70, 96, and 106 times.

The life-boats of the port of Newcastle, stationed at the entrance of the Tyne, in North and South Shields, have during nine years, from 1841 to 1849 inclusive, brought safe on shore 466 persons from 62 stranded vessels.

The first life-boat ever launched was constructed at South Shields towards the close of the year 1789. In consequence of a dreadful calamity at the entrance of the Tyne, when the crew of a ship were seen to drop from the rigging, and perish in the presence of thousands of spectators, who watched them from the shore, but had no means of rendering assistance, a number of individuals combined to offer a premium for the best model of a boat for saving life on such occasions. It was awarded to Henry Greathead, whose boat was built by subscription, and went off for the first time on the 30th of January, 1791, when the crew of a vessel were brought ashore from the Herd Sand. This boat saved the crews of the *Parthenius* and *Peggy* in 1795; of the *Countess of Errol* in 1796; and of the *Fruit of Friends*, and the *Planter*, in 1796. The Society of Arts rewarded the inventor with its gold medal and fifty guineas in the year 1802; the Trinity corporation and subscribers to Lloyd's granted him one hundred guineas each; and parliament voted him 1200*l.* in the same year, in acknowledgment of the utility of his invention. The boat lasted about thirty years. By the year 1803, Greathead had built upwards of thirty others for different stations. Various modifications have been made of his model, as the substitution of air-cases for cork at the sides, and also under the deck or flat, with other alterations. Still, an improved life-boat, avoiding the defects of existing ones, whereby casualties occurred, being deemed desirable, the duke of Northumberland offered a prize for the best model, which was awarded by competent naval examiners to James Beeching, of Great Yarmouth,



in the year 1851. A safe and powerful craft having now been obtained, it only remains for the coasts to be suitably supplied with life-boats and well-trained crews, in order to diminish vastly the annual mortality and suffering from shipwreck.

Rockets and mortars are employed for establishing communication with stranded vessels, and bringing off the crews by ropes. They have been of signal service in this way, and also in forwarding restoratives to the exhausted on board, enabling them to avail themselves of help. At Seaton Carew, on our north-east coast, where the *Mary Gray* was wrecked September 26, 1851, a bottle of hot coffee, despatched by a rocket line, was the means of saving the lives of four men who were dying from exhaustion, and the whole crew were rescued. But on January 6, 1852, when the fine American ship, *Columbus*, on a bright moonlight night, was wrecked in Waterford harbour, and some of her passengers saved themselves by clinging to bales of cotton, thirteen perished, including three ladies, though the ship was within fifty yards of the shore, there being no mortar or rocket apparatus to save them.

Excepting at the large seaport towns, the residents on our coasts, though possessing generous spirits, stout hearts, and muscular arms, are proverbially poor, quite unable to bear the cost of constructing life-boats and providing other appliances to rescue sufferers from a watery grave. Local associations, sustained by voluntary contributions, exist at different points of our shores for these purposes; and the National Shipwreck Institution, founded in 1824, has strenuously pursued the same objects, according to its resources. We have great pleasure in mentioning this institution, and recording the fact, that it has contributed, through the instrumentality of its life-boats and other means, to the saving of nearly *nine thousand* lives since its first establishment.\* We believe, however, that the "sons of the wave," who contribute so largely to the commercial greatness and domestic comfort of the entire community, who are exposed by their calling to manifold more dangers than the followers of any other occupation, should be the objects of national care, so far as providing the coasts, by parliamentary grants, with the means of rescuing them when imperilled by the devouring billows. Meanwhile, we suggest to the affluent in our inland towns, when the night is cold and dark—when the wintry blast is howling through the trees, and the rain or snow is beating against their windows—when wife and children are asleep on beds of down—to think of the shipwrecked seaman—of the gallant fellows who have left their cabins to go off to his relief, whose wives may be widows, and children orphans before the morning dawns—and contribute a little of their abundance to sustain such exertions, and reward such self-devotion.

Since the preceding remarks were in type, the subject has received a melancholy increase of interest, in consequence of the wreck of the emigrant ship "*Taylor*," involving the sacrifice of several hundred lives.

\* Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck; supported by voluntary subscriptions. Office, 20, John-street, Adelphi; secretary, Mr. Richard Lewis.

### A VISIT TO PERE LA CHAISE.

WHILE residing at Paris, some years back, I set out early in the afternoon of a general holiday to pay a visit, which I had long resolved upon, to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. I had no companion, nor wanted any, preferring, as I always do when visiting what the Germans significantly call "God's acre," to be alone, with no other company than my own thoughts, among the remains and memorials of the dead. The day was bright and cloudless, as, turning my face eastward from the Palais Royal, I began threading the mazy labyrinth of streets towards the Barrière d'Aunay, close to which stands the entrance to the cemetery. Crowds were abroad in their gayest attire; but the faces of most of them were turned in a contrary direction, the great central attraction of the hour being a *fête* in the Champs Elysées. Upon all holiday occasions in Paris there is, however, a large section of the populace who, either because they are too poor to dress as they would wish, and care not to attend a *fête* in dowdy attire, or because the daily fatigue of their calling renders repose the most welcome element of a holiday, invariably confine their festivities to their own districts, finding the means of enjoyment in the practice of trifling games in the street, or in the solace of the nearest wine-shop. It is a fact not often talked about, that the proverbial buoyancy and frivolity of the French character is counterbalanced at times and in certain circumstances by a leaden and listless apathy, which nothing short of the strongest incentive can arouse into action; and unless some political problem be, or is supposed to be, in some way connected with a public holiday, there is always a numerous class who, beyond lounging idly in the precincts of their own wretched homes, will not afford it the sanction of their presence and countenance. My way lay through a populous quarter the very reverse of aristocratic, along lines of narrow streets, the homes of the working ranks, where, clustered in groups, they pursued a species of low gambling, or threw leaden weights at a mark at the distance of a few paces, or banded a shuttlecock between them, or, with clamorous outcries and violent gestures, played the childish game of "tricotrac," or, lolling against walls, or lying at full length on the ground, with pipe in mouth, stared listlessly at the passers-by.

Attracted by some singularity of gesture in a group standing round a doorway, I instinctively approached the house, to see what might be the object towards which every face seemed turned with an expression of sorrowful pity.

"*Place à monsieur Anglais!*" said a voice as I drew near, and some few figures in blouses, stepping suddenly aside, revealed to my startled view one of the most curious spectacles I had ever beheld. The door of the house stood wide open, but all entrance was barred by a bier about breast-high, upon which lay the body of a fair young maiden of perhaps fourteen years of age. A face more exquisitely delicate and beautiful it was not easy to conceive, and it was difficult indeed to connect the idea of death with anything so perfectly lovely. You might have imagined her a sleeping naiad, a weary Psyche wrapped in balmy

slumber, a marble miracle from the chisel of Phidias,—anything fabulously or superhumanly exquisite, in short, but not the inanimate corpse of a poor man's child. Yet so it was. She had died with the morning star at the dawning of day; and here, and thus,

"Before decay's defacing fingers  
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers,"

she had been exposed by her sorrowing and penniless parents to plead with mute but irresistible eloquence for those alms with which they hoped to purchase for their lost treasure a grave apart from the common fosse in which the bodies of the poor are huddled together. She lay on snow-white linen, under a canopy garlanded with flowers; flowers bloomed in her motionless fingers, and buds and blossoms, whose vivid hues contrasted with her delicate pallor, shed their last odours upon her breast. I could hear the stifled sobs of the mother behind the canopy, and the whispered word of comfort from some sympathising heart that sought to soothe her natural anguish. The gray-headed grandsire of the dead child sat on the ground at her feet, and, his face between his knees, held out his hand to receive the dole of the benevolent. His expressions of gratitude for a trifling coin rung in my ears during the remainder of the route, while pursuing which I could not but reflect on the appropriate singularity of such a spectacle as a preface to my first visit to Père la Chaise.

At the entrance to the cemetery, which is in the centre of a semicircular recess adorned with funeral insignia, several women and old men were in attendance, offering for sale wreaths and bunches of everlasting, dyed of various colours, which the Parisians are in the habit of buying and depositing as tokens of remembrance on the graves of their departed friends. Over the gate is the inscription in Latin, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand in the latter day upon the earth." On either side are other inscriptions, also in Latin. From the ground in front of the chapel, which is a handsome and appropriate building, a most extensive and picturesque view is obtained, embracing a good part of the city of Paris, with its numberless domes and towers, and the surrounding levels and eminences, spotted with châteaux and villages. The first impression upon the mind of one who visits Père la Chaise for the first time is, that he is wandering in an immense garden, laid out with excellent taste and the most lavish expenditure, and adorned with classical erections and statues. The dark umbrage of full-grown shrubs, cypresses, and willows overshadows the winding walks, and the hues and odours of unnumbered flowers gratify the senses at every turn. Occupying the broad slope of a rising ground, the site is one of the most eligible and commanding in the whole district, and affords a hundred different points of view, each presenting some new feature in the varied and extensive panorama displayed below. The original estate which formed the nucleus of the present cemetery was in the fourteenth century the property of one Regnaud, a retired grocer, who built a splendid mansion upon it, to which the people gave the name of Regnaud's folly—a name yet borne by a street in the neighbourhood on the other side of the Barrier. In

1626 the Jesuits had possession of the place, and in 1675 Louis XIV bestowed it upon his confessor Père la Chaise, from whom it acquired its present name. In 1763, when the Jesuits most deservedly fell from their "bad eminence," the estate was sold for the benefit of their creditors, and from that time to the end of the century was the property of various owners. When, in 1804, Napoleon abolished intramural interment in Paris, it was bought by the Prefect of the Seine for about seven thousand pounds, and laid out as a cemetery by M. Brongniart. The first funeral took place in May of the same year; and from that time to this, probably not less than two hundred thousand bodies have been interred within its precincts. There are four other public cemeteries in the neighbourhood of Paris, and, properly speaking, Père la Chaise is the burial-ground only of the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth wards of the city. It is but the very poor, however, who are affected by this regulation, ground being purchasable by all who can afford to pay a high price for it, either for a term of years or for a perpetuity. The consequence is, that from the beauty of its picturesque site, Père la Chaise has become the mausoleum of a majority of the most wealthy and most celebrated persons who have died during the last fifty years, not only in Paris, but throughout France.

I cannot pretend to convey any idea of the number or of the endless architectural variety of the tombs scattered everywhere throughout this vast necropolis. Following the direction of a gardener, I first made my way to that of Abélard and Heloise, as to the most remarkable and the most visited. It is said really to contain the ashes of the two lovers, which from all accounts have performed various pilgrimages since their decease. The monument is in the form of a gothic chapel, constructed from the ruins of the abbey of Paraclete, and containing the tomb. The whole is in a chaste yet ornate style, and adorned with statues, busts, and bas-reliefs. It was difficult, however, to form a fair conception of the entire work, owing to the immense accumulation of wreaths and bouquets of everlastings, artificial and dyed flowers, which the Parisian youth of both sexes had thrown in heaps upon the monument itself, and hung upon the railings which surround it; bushels of them were black with rotteness, as though they had been decaying there for years, and over them in still greater abundance glittered the fresh hues of more recent offerings—offerings at the shrine of the unhappy lovers of seven hundred years ago!

Leaving the idolized tomb of the lovers, I wandered away towards the right, amid the graves of the lofty and the lowly, pondering the only practicable system of equality and fraternity, of which the spade and the pickaxe are the significant emblems. In a few minutes I stood by the grave of Labedoyère, over which hung a fresh wreath with laurel leaves entwined, the offering perhaps of a surviving comrade. A few minutes more brought me to the spot where, at the junction of the two paths, lies Marshal Ney. A few paces only distant lie Davoust, Massena, beneath a gorgeous monument, and Lefebvre. Many other of Napoleon's thunderers lie here quiet enough—Caulincourt, Foy, Lauriston, Junot—men to whom the roar of the cannon was welcome music, and whose occu-

pation was the bursting asunder of the bands of empire and the deluging of Europe with blood.

If I were to catalogue the names of all the notables—men of war, of science, and of literature—who seem here assembled to teach us that even

"The path of glory leads but to the grave,"

I should but weary the reader, who might think the pages of the "Universal Biography," which lies upon his shelf, had been ransacked for the information. He probably knows already that in Père la Chaise lie Laplace and Cuvier, Denon and Voiney, Molière and La Fontaine, St. Pierre, the author of "Paul and Virginia," and Madame Cottin, who wrote the "Exiles of Siberia," Haiiy, who first taught the blind to read and to work, and Sicard, who taught the deaf and dumb to speak; and he will willingly excuse me the completion of the list, in consideration of the limited space at my command.

One rarely enters a burial-ground, whatever its pretensions, without being called to reflection by the dumb voices of the inscriptions upon the tombs. In the rural graveyards of our own country, and, indeed, in others by no means rural, good taste and good sense are frequently affronted by mortuary vulgarity and egotism, and not seldom by a species of blundering provocative of laughter. The French, to do them justice, do not offend in this way nearly so much as we do; but they often err by the adoption of high-flown conceits and artificial panegyrics perhaps as much opposed to good taste, and certainly more opposed to truth. Of such unfortunate mistakes there are some specimens in Père la Chaise, but in preference to citing them, we may remark that many of the inscriptions are characterized by extreme simplicity and pathos; and if some express a degree of regret on the part of the survivors a little open to suspicion, it is but fair to add that the constant care and culture bestowed upon the tombs, and their inclosed flower-gardens, for long years after the date of burial, supply practical evidence of the sincerity of the sorrow. That there are no examples of bad grammar and vulgarity, so common with us, may be partly explained by the fact that in Paris the poorest and most illiterate of the populace, being for the most part buried gratis, are allowed no visible memorial of their fate; and this brings us to notice briefly the business regulations of the Parisians in connexion with the solemn duty of burying their dead.

The entire funeral business of Paris is vested by law in the hands of one undertaker-general. Funerals are divided into six different classes, to suit the means of the different grades of society; the highest class funeral costs about 4500 francs, the lowest only seventeen. Thus every one knows what expense he will incur, and that abominable species of speculation which we have so often witnessed in London, by which the widow and the orphan are plundered in the hour of their bereavement and their sorrow, is rendered impossible, because every undertaker works upon a fixed scale under regulations which are universally known. In the cemeteries, too, a fixed scale of charges prevails. The poor have graves for nothing in the common trenches, which cannot be re-opened till the expiration of five years. A second class of graves may be leased at fifty francs for every five

years; and a third class may be purchased in perpetuity at the price of 125 francs the square metre (something less than forty inches). It is of course upon these last only that durable monuments can be erected. Judging from the vast expense that has been lavished in architectural and monumental display throughout the hundred acres which constitute the cemetery of Père la Chaise, it is plain that the great majority of its silent population are freeholders, and need fear no ejection, by force or fraud, from the "narrow house."

The sun was getting low as I turned to leave the cemetery, where I could have lingered much longer, but for an engagement that summoned me homeward. I was thinking of a pleasant evening with a few intelligent friends, and had forgotten the dead child of the Rue St. Amandiers altogether, when, approaching the open space that leads towards the entrance of this garden of death, I encountered a modest funeral procession winding round the pathway. The sight of the snow-white bier, upon which now lay a plain white coffin, recalled the spectacle of the afternoon. A moment sufficed to assure me that the fair young maiden was on her way to the grave. Among the mourners I recognised the gray-haired grandsire, and, following, were a number of the sympathising neighbours whom I had observed in attendance near the corpse. I saw by the direction they took (for they had passed the *fosses communes*, where lie the penniless dead, and left the chapel behind them) that they had been successful in collecting the means of purchasing a separate grave, and that the sorrowing parents would not be denied the melancholy satisfaction of revisiting from time to time the tomb of their lost child, and decorating it with the customary tokens of affection.

Five minutes more, and I had exchanged the garden of the dead for the battle-field of the living—the quiet of the tombs and the beauty and fragrance of nature for the roar and din and seething riot of living Paris—Paris alive with the full tide of population rushing through every artery. The *fête* of the day was over, but that of the night was yet to come. Theatres and all places of amusement were thrown open gratuitously, and in all directions an eager crowd with rapid steps jostled each other in pursuit of the pastime of the hour. Such is life; man ponders its brevity among the tombs, and too often, with mad and murderous purpose, assassinates the living hours whose untimely loss he deploras.

#### A CLIMB UP THE JUNGFRAU.

AN imposing volume, magnificently illustrated with tinted lithographic views, on "Norway and its Glaciers," has just been ushered into the republic of letters, from the pen of professor Forbes, the well-known natural philosopher and author. This work, while it contributes largely to the interests of geographical science, is, at the same time, calculated to afford both instruction and gratification to ordinary readers by the winter's fire-side. As a principal object of these pages is said to have been to connect the observations of the learned traveller on the glaciers of Switzerland and Savoy with those which he has lately made in the north of Europe, he has incorporated in the



volume before us three narratives of alpine journeys of an older date, all of them referring to the wildest and most icebound regions of that noble chain. Among these, and perhaps the most interesting, is a record of an excursion to the Jungfrau, performed in the year 1841, in company with the celebrated traveller, M. Agassiz. A description of the wonders of the ascent to the summit of this famous mountain—second only to Mont Blanc—from the note-book of so intelligent an observer as professor Forbes, cannot fail to be entertaining. We take the liberty, therefore, of transferring some of the more striking passages to our pages, supplying an occasional hiatus in the narrative with a few explanatory words of our own.

"We started from the Grimsel," says our philosophic tourist, "with fine weather, at 5 A. M., a formidable company of six travellers, and six guides who carried provisions; two or three small knapsacks of clothes; two or three small casks of wine; one of brandy; and a hatchet and cord for the glaciers. Jacob Leuthold, our confidential guide, led the way, and another, by name Johan Währen, who had been under medical treatment for a diseased knee, knowing that the Jungfrau was in prospect, had stolen on before, to join us about a mile from the hospice, lest he should have been prevented from accompanying us. These two excellent guides were deserved favourites. As we walked down the slope from the hospice, the few bright stars were vanishing before the dawn, and we thought that the situation had never before appeared half so romantic. Scarce a word passed in our numerous company for two hours, except a faint exclamation on meeting Währen. Each one was occupied with his own thoughts of how the expedition might end—which of the objects proposed he should attain—and probably all felt that they were engaged in an enterprise of some danger as well as labour, voluntarily, and on their own responsibility—a thought which affects for a moment the most volatile. We thus traversed in silence the well-known path leading to the Unteraar glacier, but soon left it to the right, when we took the opposite bank of the river, and proceeded by the faint track through loose masses of stones, which we had one day followed before, leading up the right bank of the Aar towards the Oberaar glacier. Long before the sun had risen upon our valley, Leuthold and Währen lingered behind the other guides (who preceded us), to point out to M. Agassiz a distant peak just touched with sunlight. It was the Jungfrau! Little was said; some, perhaps, doubted the assertion, but all, probably, welcomed it as a good omen touching the projected end of our excursion. . . . In two hours we were already at the wretched shepherds' huts, which lie below the foot of the glacier, at a height already of 7000 French feet above the sea. Instruments, I should have said, we had none, excepting only hammers, thermometers, a hair hygrometer, a chronometer, polariscope, and compass."

As the travellers, in their ascent, entered upon the snow region, they put on gaiters—an operation performed with great solemnity. A chamois was started on their route. After crossing the col of the Oberaar, which is about 11,000 feet in height, the pedestrians arrived at an open level space which they had to traverse. "As we walked

across this even flat," proceeds professor Forbes, "my left foot sunk in a crevasse, as my other one had done in the glacier of Gauli a short time before—an accident by which I was rather seriously lamed. It sufficed to show on what a treacherous surface we were walking, as we soon after learned more fully. Red snow was here very abundant; its colour comes out by trampling; our course was marked by footsteps of blood. Soon after, Jacob (who had now carried for a long way the heaviest package of all the six guides) suddenly stopped, deposited his burden, sat down, and said we should dine. The suddenness of the procedure, and the arbitrariness of the command, rather amused us. But we were in no humour to dispute it, and accommodated ourselves as well as we could. A table was made of one of the porters' frames stuck in the snow, and to work we went, with cold meat, bread, and wine."

Having despatched their meal under these novel circumstances, the party recommenced their journey towards the chalet where they intended to pass the night. On their way they had to descend the glacier of Viesch, which is described as follows. "Viesch is a magnificent specimen of a glacier. The crevasses in the *firn* became wider as the slope was greater, and we saw some yawning chasms with greenish-white walls (the colour of the *firn*), forty, sixty, or eighty feet wide. But the grandest of all were just under our feet. A casual opening in the snow, but a few inches wide, disclosed to us several times some of the most exquisite sights in nature. The crevasses of the *firn* or *névé* are not, like those of the glacier, mere wedge-like splits with icy walls, but roomy, expanded chambers of irregular forms, partly snow and partly ice; partly roofed over with tufted bridges of snow, partly open to the air, with vast dislocated masses tossing about; stalactites of ice, possibly forty or fifty feet long, hanging from the walls and sides, exactly like those in the finest calcareous grotto, but infinitely superior, in so far as the light which shows them is not the smoky glare of a few tallow candles, but a mellow radiance streaming from the sides of the caverns themselves, and which, by the faintness or intensity of its delicate hue, assists the eye in seizing the relations of many parts. I do not recollect to have imagined anything of the kind so exquisitely beautiful as one in particular of these chasms, over which by chance we found ourselves walking, when a gap not a foot wide in its snowy roof admitted us to the somewhat awful acquaintance of the concealed abysses over which we trod. . . .

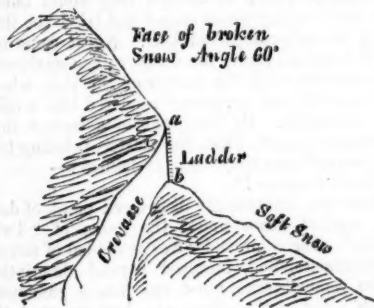
"We arrived, some of us at least heartily tired, at half-past five at the chalets, one of which afforded much more tolerable accommodation than could have been looked for. We found plenty of milk and butter, good fire, with sufficient hay (rather damp indeed) to lie on, made more agreeable by great civility and a cordial welcome from the owners. The weather seemed more promising. If fine, to-morrow was to be devoted to the Jungfrau, and a man was despatched down to the village of Viesch for a ladder to cross the crevasses. I lay down, but could not sleep. Past eleven, the man returned from a fruitless errand, and another messenger was sent off to obtain the indispensable article at all hazard. I got up, and went out; the



evening was splendid, with a bright moon. I afterwards fell asleep, and slept soundly till five, when the man returned with the ladder."

In the morning the enterprise was earnestly renewed by the refreshed tourists. They commenced the exciting toils of the day by climbing a steep snowy slope, which was attended by great dangers from the number of concealed crevasses that cross the obliterated pathway. After several hours' hard walking, they halted at the foot of a hill which received from some of the party the name of Trugberg (the *deceptive hill*), from the circumstance of one of the ladder-bearers having insisted that it was the Jungfrau. Here they rested a while, and partook of refreshments. "After half an hour," continues the narrator, "we started forward up the narrowing and steepening névé, with splendid weather. The walking now became more laborious from the depth of the snow, but we followed all in one another's steps. Crevasses in the higher firm commenced, and the rope was produced. Jacob went first, having tied it round his waist. Johann Jauon held the rope fast, which was then passed round the left arm of every one in succession. Here the real ascent began. Melchior Banholzer, a young man we brought from the Grimsel, carried the ladder, which was 22 or 24 feet long, with great dexterity—going everywhere indifferently, making a path for himself, and advancing with his load whilst others rested. . . . We pushed forward, and attained a considerable height by climbing up the steep soft snow. At a height which I estimated at not above 12,000 English feet, I felt my breathing sensibly affected; but I was much fatigued in the morning on starting. After a few steps at a time, I felt some exhaustion, which passed off after a moment's repose. Some others of the party felt the same thing about the same level.

"Having passed some trifling crevasses, and rested twice, we were forced to come to a decision as to the exact course to be chosen for the ascent. The snowy precipice before us presented an enormous fissure near its base, the usual separation of the icy part of the snow on the higher mountains, and the névé, or firm, below. It was doubtful whether, on account of the limited length of the ladder, we could cross the crevasse and ascend the steep face beyond. The section was



this. The ladder was placed at *b*, and steps made in the very steep face above, which had a good

consistence, allowing the feet to be well dug in, and sustaining them. Jauon went up and held one end of the cord as a sort of rail, another holding it below, and so we proceeded one by one. I suppose that the lower part of the ascent was at an angle of above 60°, though only for a short way. Above, the snow being soft, it was easy to keep our footing, and we ascended to a sort of hollow where we could rest a moment.

"Jacob Leuthold and some of the party had now advanced to a second crevasse more to the right, which threatened to become a gulf of separation between the fixed and the detached ice, so that the mass we had mounted since quitting the ladder might be considered as but half supported. Jacob and three others had crossed this crevasse, and I stood a little below it, when a distinct noise was heard beneath the ice. Jacob felt a *sensible subsidence*. It gave us an unpleasant sensation. We all got safely, however, across the crevasse, and, mounting obliquely a soft, steep, snowy surface, which had been first carefully sounded with a staff, we arrived at two o'clock upon the col at the head of the Roth-Thal, a precipitous ravine on the northern face of the Jungfrau. . . . Clouds had now collected from the west, and attached themselves to the mountain, so that we could not see at all into the Roth-Thal; but the eastern view of the top of the mountain remained clear. Our height might be 12,800 or 12,900 feet.

"We drank some wine, and advanced to the arduous ascent, which it was plain had to be made over ice, and that our steps must be cut. Leuthold went first with a small axe, and with a rope round his waist, and was followed by Jauon, who improved the steps with the aid of his iron-shod staff, and held the rope attached to Jacob. Next to him the travellers, then three other guides—all of us with the rope twisted round our left arms. Since we ascended nearly straight up, as on a stair, this rope was a real security, which it could not have been to the same extent had we ascended obliquely, when the fall of one must, in all probability, have dragged the others after him. Here, if one made a false step, he would be supported by those behind, and at the same time, an alarm being given, the rope would have been tightened by all those in front. . . . Before we had advanced far, one of our guides turned back, not liking the ascent. Presently we were enveloped in clouds. Our position now seemed rather frightful, hanging as we did on a slope of unbroken slippery ice, steep as a cathedral roof, or those of the high-pitched Dutch houses, with precipices at the bottom of the slope, of an unknown and dizzy depth. We were surrounded with mist, so that we occasionally only saw our immediate position, suspended thus in the midst of the frozen mountain, from which it really appeared as if a gust of wind might have detached our whole party. Fortunately it was calm, otherwise we must have suffered greatly from the cold, long before we reached the top, owing to our slow progress, and our feet being perpetually forced into the steps. I felt my toes benumbed, and had some trouble to restore animation by shaking and striking them. This slow progress, on the other hand, took away any suffering from difficult breathing. The top long remained

separated from us by a ridge of snow about thirty feet long, resembling an excessively steep house roof—an expansion of which, at the further end, formed the snowy pinnacle to which we successively arrived, but where we could only remain one at a time.

“Here on snows, where never human foot  
Of common mortal trod, we . . . tread;

And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,  
The fretwork of some earthquake—where the clouds  
Pause to repose themselves in passing by.”

“It was four o'clock when we reached the summit of the Jungfrau, and we staid half an hour. The view to the east was generally clear, and we got a glimpse of the bottom of the valley of Grindewald. The view to the west was in one respect scarcely less remarkable; for there a magnificent cumulus-headed cloud stood in wonderful majesty, reaching apparently from the valley to at least 2000 feet above us. It was a glorious sight—a single cloud at least 10,000 feet high!

‘The mists boil up among the glaciers; clouds  
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,  
Like foam from the roused ocean.’

“The thermometer at the top was 25°. 5. When the mist approached, the icy specule in it were distinctly visible. The sky to the east was clear and fine, but not of so intense a blue as we had observed it lower down, before the fog came on. I felt no discomfort or uneasiness of any kind on the top, nor did any one else. We drank some wine which we had brought with us.”

Through the excellent management of the guides, the descent, generally more dangerous and alarming than the ascent, was accomplished in safety. The travellers walked with their faces to the wall of ice, as in descending a ladder. “During our descent,” says the professor, “I experienced a singular and painful deception. Looking accidentally into the abyss between my feet, I saw the basket and clothes we had left on the little snow plain above the ladder at the crevasse. Some of the party, who had not joined in the last ascent, had been there shortly before. I perceived something black begin to move near the spot, and descend with an accelerated pace, not unlike a man hurried along a snow incline with tremendous velocity. It was an eagle which had been examining the contents of our basket!”

The travellers, with light and thankful hearts, walked gaily along the snow in the twilight for an hour or so, till the crevasses commenced, when the moon shone out, and all clouds cleared away. By her friendly light, they slid at a rapid pace down the glaciers, with only the occasional mishap of immersing one or both legs in a lurking crevasse or a pool of ice-cold water. At length, the party were startled by the cries of a man in the distance, who, much to their joy, turned out to be a messenger from the châteaux, who had been sent to them with refreshments. Having taken a short rest while despatching these welcome provisions, they resumed their journey, and reached again the chateau of Märjelen, after having been on foot about seventeen hours and a half. We have perused this interesting narrative with the more pleasure, that it was no foolhardy adventure, but an enterprise undertaken in the cause of science.

### THE SUNKEN ROCK.

It is related that, many years ago, while a frigate was cruising in the Mediterranean, her commander was ordered to ascertain whether there existed, within certain lines of latitude and longitude, a shoal or reef which had been reported as being there. The captain addressed himself to the task with all the rough earnestness of a genuine seaman—at the same time entertaining a strong persuasion that nothing of the kind described would be found in the position pointed out. The undertaking was therefore conducted in a superficial manner, and was speedily terminated by the captain declaring that the report which had occasioned the search was a perfect mistake, and originated in delusion or falsehood. But an officer on board—a man accustomed himself to accurate calculation and observation—was of another mind, and felt convinced, with more careful and prolonged examination, a different result might probably be obtained. None of his arguments, however, availed with the commander, who sharply rebuked him as wanting experience, and being a mere theorist. The officer, nevertheless, carefully treasured up his observations and reckonings, and, having left the frigate, persuaded the admiralty to send him on a second expedition, with a small vessel under his own command, in quest of the reported rock, or whatever else it might prove to be. His voyage was successful; and he returned with the clearly ascertained information, that in a certain spot in the Mediterranean there lay a dangerous sunken rock. This fact, for safety in the navigation of that sea, was of course carefully marked down in the charts. For this service he was rewarded with promotion. The commander of the frigate, hearing of this some time afterwards, was highly incensed, and declared that the report was a fraud to get promotion; adding:—“If ever I have the keel of this ship under me in those waters again, and do not carry her clean over where the chart marks a rock, call me a liar, and no seaman to boot!”

Two years afterwards he was bound for Naples, having some public functionaries as passengers on board his vessel. One autumn afternoon, as the ship took a north-easterly direction, threatening dark strips of cloud began to stream over the sky, and a gale sprung up, which made the sails and cordage creak as though they would burst, while the heaving waves tossed and tried the timber of the well-compacted keel. Night came on, and the captain paced the decks rather anxiously, and consulted with the master of the ship, whose practical skill and experience rendered him a valuable counsellor. By the light of a lantern they examined a chart, when the master, pointing to a spot whereabouts they were, exclaimed:—

“Look here, sir!”

There was the recently discovered point of danger, marked down under the name of “Twill Rocks.” The commander was reminded of former circumstances, and, incensed beyond description at the remembrance, burst out into a passionate speech, abusing the officer who had reported the discovery, and repeating his own determination to sail right over the spot, and so demonstrate the whole thing as a bugbear, at the same time stamping his foot to give emphasis to his words.

As the ship speeded her way over the rolling billows, down went the commander into the cabin to join his illustrious passengers, and to tell the story of the sunken rock, thinking to make them merry at the expense of the false lieutenant.

"In five minutes," said he, taking out his watch, with a laugh, "we shall have crossed this terrible spot."

But the intelligence by no means awakened sympathetic merriment in the company; they were terror-stricken, while he spoke gaily. There was a pause, and then a slight grating touch of something that scratched the bottom of the noble ship—then a noise of alarm from the hatchway—then a shock—then a crash, and a quivering of the hull—and then the bursting of timbers, and the ingushing of water. The frigate had struck, and was presently a wreck, the masts reeling over into the ocean, and the breakers threatening to swallow up all that remained of the ill-fated vessel. With desperate energy everything possible was done to save the passengers. The boats were all hauled out, and all on board embarked, and were ultimately preserved, except a few drunken sailors in the hold, and the commander, who would not survive his mad temerity. The last scene of the unhappy man was his white figure, bare-headed, and in his shirt, looking out from the dark hull of the frigate, the foam bursting round her bows and stern.

HE WOULD NOT BELIEVE. He had possessed the means of ascertaining the truth; he had listened to the arguments, and heard the reports of others; there was evidence enough to satisfy an unprejudiced man; but he would not believe. And is not that captain's history a parable of what is commonly occurring among mankind? Persons will not hearken to those who are wiser than themselves; but with some fixed idea of their own, which, though perfectly unfounded, nothing can move, they rush to their own destruction. They are deluded by some falsehood they have created or adopted for themselves, while they pronounce the truth told them by others to be false and delusive. A man is warned against a certain course of conduct, which it is plain will ruin him; he is assured that a sunken rock lies before him; but he *will not believe*, and on he goes, till, in some dark hour, he makes shipwreck.

The rock is sunk and unseen. Some profess to have investigated the subject, and found it all delusion. But He who knows all things, who is the faithful and true witness, who cannot lie, declares to us that *there it is*. Men may ridicule the idea, and boast of their superiority to vulgar prejudices; but *there it is*. It is true you cannot see it; it lies at present out of sight; but *there it is*. Believing or not believing makes no difference with regard to the actual existence of a thing; and therefore, however men may think and feel about the future consequences of impenitence and unbelief, the fact remains—*there it is*.

It must have been an awful moment when the commander of the frigate discovered his mistake—when the vessel actually struck on the sunken rock, and the wild waves came dashing over it—when he stood there on the shattered timbers, looking out in the dark night upon the watery grave opening at his feet. One can imagine, though hardly with sufficient vividness and power, what

must have been his bitter self-mortification, reproach, despair and agony, as he thought of the folly which had produced this irreparable mischief. In the few moments spent upon the wreck in that wild raging sea there must have been intense anguish. A far more awful moment will it be when a self-deluded soul awakes in eternity to the consciousness of his own infatuated unbelief—when the truth, long denied, opposed, ridiculed and reviled, comes before the eye, and overwhelms the heart as a stern reality. Can any one adequately imagine what must be the feeling upon the discovery, when the mischief is beyond repair, of a life spent in a rejection of the divine testimony respecting ETERNAL RUIN?—*American Journal*.

### THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS exquisite production of one of America's sweetest poets will be read with peculiar interest at a moment when "Peace," which has so long dwelt among the nations of Europe, seems as if about to unfold her wings and take her flight.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!  
What loud lament and dismal miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamour,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I heard the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sack'd and burning village;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;  
The wail of famine in beleagu'rd towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrencl'd asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were small need of arsenals or forts:

The conqueror's name would be a name abhorred  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease!  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.



## Varieties.

**AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH INVASION PANIC.**—"My father," says Sir Harry Verney, "was one day sitting in his room at the Horse Guards, when a stranger was announced. A plain-looking old man walked in, and desired a few minutes' conversation. He said that he had eighty-five covered eight-horse wagons, with teams and drivers all complete, which he wished to place at the disposal of government, without any remuneration; and which, on the shortest notice he would send anywhere, where they could be of use. My father inquired his name. 'Mr. Russell,' was the reply. Some of my elder west-country readers may recollect how Russell's well-appointed huge wagons travelled down the Bath and Exeter road before Mr. Brunel accomplished his noble undertaking towards the far west."

**A FIDGETY WIFE.**—The following amusing mistake of a Swedish bachelor we meet with in Miss Bunbury's "Life in Sweden." Reporting the conclusion of a conversation, the gentleman is represented as saying:—

"Well, I should like to get a *fidgetty* wife; yes, my wife must be a little fidgetty."

"A fidgetty wife!" I exclaimed, in amaze at the nature of his difficulties.

"Yes, madam; I am not *very* fidgetty myself, and I tink a fidgetty wife would shuit me."

"Well, if she were in a fidgetty humour, I think she might 'shoot' you," I replied, feeling that it would not be safe to trust me with weapons in such a case.

"Madam," said the Swede, though I spoke very gravely, "do I speak your language right?"

"Oh, yes; but perhaps you do not know exactly what fidgetty means. If you go to England to look for a wife, it might be as well not to ask at once for a fidgetty one. What do you mean by the word in Swedish?"

"I got it in the dictionary, madam; yes, it is correct English, for I have a dictionary in two volumes, in which is every word that was ever spoken or written in the English tongue; and, indeed, whoever has that dictionary need have nothing more. You must buy it, madam; it is English and Swedish, and will teach you the meaning of every word in your language."

"And pray how does it translate 'fidgetty' into Swedish." He told me: and the translation was "lively, gay!" that is, he told me the Swedish words which mean these in English. I got the dictionary afterwards to look at; and, certainly, if the Swede had sought for all the qualities of his wife by the explanations given there of such terms in our language, he would have imported a singular specimen of English womanhood into his country. A fidgetty wife, instead of a lively one, would have been only one result of these mis-translations.

**ABSENCE OF AN URBAN POPULATION.**—"Russia," says Mr. Oliphant, "is almost devoid of an urban population; St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa, are the only cities whose populations exceed a hundred thousand; indeed, there is some doubt whether that of Odessa reaches this figure. There are only four towns containing more than fifty thousand inhabitants each, and eighteen or twenty with populations exceeding twenty-five thousand. In fact, it has been computed from the official reports, that there is only one town with an average population of seven thousand in an area of 130 square miles. The result of this state of things is obvious. The absence of any regular markets renders it unnecessary for the proprietor, who has no facilities for transporting his grain to a seaport, to grow more than is sufficient for his own consumption; while the peasant only cultivates land enough to yield the produce required to support his family."

**LOCOMOTIVE OVENS AND BREAD-MAKING.**—It sometimes happens that when a Bedouin tribe is moving in great haste before an enemy, or when making a forced march over a desert where the walls are very distant from each other, the women are obliged to prepare their bread whilst riding on camels. The fire is lighted in an earthen vessel. One woman kneads the flour, a second rolls out the dough, and a third bakes, boys or women on foot passing the materials, as required, from one to the other.

**FAIRS IN RUSSIA.**—The large fairs that continue to be held in Russia perform the functions of large towns in other countries. In the interior of this vast empire towns and cities are of very rare occurrence; indeed the whole urban population is not more than five millions—only about double that of London. Nothing but an extension of the railway system, by creating greater facilities for commercial intercourse, can abolish these remnants of barbarism.

**TEA DRINKING.**—The approved way of drinking tea in Russia is with a slice of lemon as a substitute for milk.

**RUSSIAN CALCULATOR.**—In carrying on their bargaining operations, the Russian dealers make use of wooden beads strung upon parallel wires, and fastened into a square frame. With these originally-constructed tables a Russian shopkeeper performs the most elaborate calculations with the greatest rapidity; and though rather perplexing at first, the foreigner visiting the country will find them very useful and convenient indicators of sums which by any other means it would be hopeless to attempt expressing.

**SCHOOLS IN RUSSIA.**—In the dominions of the autocrat, with the exception of a few large towns, schools are positively prohibited, while the spiritual destitution of the serf population is fearful in the extreme.

**ARTISANS IN RUSSIA.**—According to the statistical papers, the proportion of artisans to the rest of the population is one in a hundred. Nor need we be surprised at this paucity of skilled labourers, when we remember that every man is obliged to pay an annual rent, proportioned to his earnings, for permission to work at a trade. Under these circumstances, he of course does not feel bound to perfect himself in a craft for the benefit of his owner, and generally will prefer to lead a comparatively independent life of promiscuous labour in the country, than be bound as a workman in the town.

**BURNING OF ANCIENT CEDAR-WOOD.**—"Standing one day," says the great Nineveh explorer, "on a distant part of the mound, I smelt the sweet smell of burning cedar. The Arab workmen, excavating in the small temple, had dug out a beam, and the weather being cold, had at once made a fire to warm themselves. The wood was cedar; probably one of the very beams mentioned in the inscription as brought from the forests of Lebanon by the king who built the edifice. After a lapse of nearly three thousand years, it had retained its original fragrance. Many other such beams were discovered, and the greater part of the rubbish in which the ruin was buried consisted of charcoal of the same wood. It is likely that the whole superstructure, as well as the roof and floor of the building, like those of the temple and palace of Solomon, were of this precious material."

**THE COUNTRY PALACE OF SEMIRAMIS.**—According to Armenian history, Wan, a city of ancient date, and beautifully situated on the borders of a pleasant lake, was founded by the Assyrian queen, Semiramis, and was, after her, originally named Schamiramjerd. Here, in the delicious gardens which she had planted in the fertile plain, and which she had watered with a thousand rills, she sought refuge from the intolerable heats of a Mesopotamian summer, returning again, on the approach of winter, to her palaces at Nineveh.

**HOUSE OF LINNÆUS AT UPSALA.**—The house of this celebrated naturalist still exists in Upsala; "but," says Miss Bunbury, "not one of the persons who live in its vicinity could show it to us, or at all understand who we meant by that person. The ignorance would be natural if we had used his Latin instead of his Swedish name; we asked, often vainly, for the house of Linné, but found it at last—a very simple one with a court before it, in which a little grass and one or two poor trees were growing. It was inhabited by an artist. The great botanist is buried in the cathedral."